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HARK! O'ER THE SOUTHERN HILLS.

BY A SOUTHERN LADY.

Hark! o'er the Southern hills, we hear
The cannons and the rifles sound;
Let it be told in every ear,
Where Freeman make their battle ground!

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, the battle's call,
Gallant Southrons hear it all!
Sons of freedom now awake,
And the chains of tyrant's break.

Five hundred thousand men are they,
That Lincoln rais'd for his foray—
The South to conquer and to slay,
Your country calls—her call obey.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, the battle's call.

Oh! What are thousands, when the brave,
Defend their land and freedom dear:
When, God, your country calls to save,
Be none so base as death to fear.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, the battle's call.

Brave Southern youths, I call you all,
I call you for your country's fame,
Make for the serfs, your hearts, a wall,
Your children leave an honored name.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

They talk of Union, and the flag,
Old, blessed guards of liberty;
And all that's good from both, they drag,
Debase them both with tyranny.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

For freedom had the Union name;
'Twas in the Constitution found,
Till Lincoln tore them both in twain,
And with the shreds his pris'ners bound.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

We loved the casket for the gem,
Sweet liberty's the precious thing;
Oh! would you love the Union when
Far, far away, the gem they flung?

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

But we'll preserve the sacred thing,
With deathless chaplets be it crowned.
What Northern's in the dirt would fling,
With laurel in the South be bound.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

In SOUTHERN UNION let us boast;
There Liberty be ever shown;
The revolution be our toast,
The principles of Washington.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

O, Maryland, dread not, the hours
Shall come to make *thee* high as brave,
When Dixie humbles Northern powers,
And claims the soil those powers enslave.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

Crush'd freedom calls us to the strife,
Like that in which our fathers bled;
For homes, for liberty and life,
When Southern chieftains foremost led.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

Come rush to victory, on! on!
Press like the hosts of Washington,
And win the fight as by him won,
*As it was gained in eighty-one.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, &c.

God bears the banner of the free;
His blessings on its folds he shed.
In Him our sacred trust shall be,
And in his name, our banner spread.

CHORUS.—Hear! O hear, the battle's call,
Gallant Southrons hear it all!
Sons of freedom now awake,
And the chains of tyrant's break.

— * The last great battle of the first revolution
was gained in 1781, at Yorktown, which may be said to
have ended the revolutionary fight.

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